June 1979
$1.50

HEAVY METAL®

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

Heavy Metal Vol. III, No. 2 June 1979

CONTENTS

. . . Twenty-seven. . . , 4

The New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Sindbad in the Land of Jinn, by **Richard Corben and Jan Strnad**, 6

Captain Future, by **Manoeuvre and Clerc**, 15

Pyloon, by **Rae Rue and Leo Giroux**, 37

Alien: The Illustrated Story, by **Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin**, 48

An East Wind Coming, by **Arthur Byron Cover**; illustration by **Berni Wrightson**, 58

So Beautiful and So Dangerous, by **Angus McKie**, 81

Front cover, The Performer, by **Angus McKie**

Back cover, What Happened to Betty, by **Marcus Boas**

"Sindbad in the Land of Jinn," from *The New Tales of the Arabian Nights*, copyright © 1979, by Richard Corben and Jan Strnad.

"Pyloon," copyright © 1979, by Ray Rue and Leo Giroux.

"Alien: The Illustrated Story," by Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin, copyright © 1979 Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved.

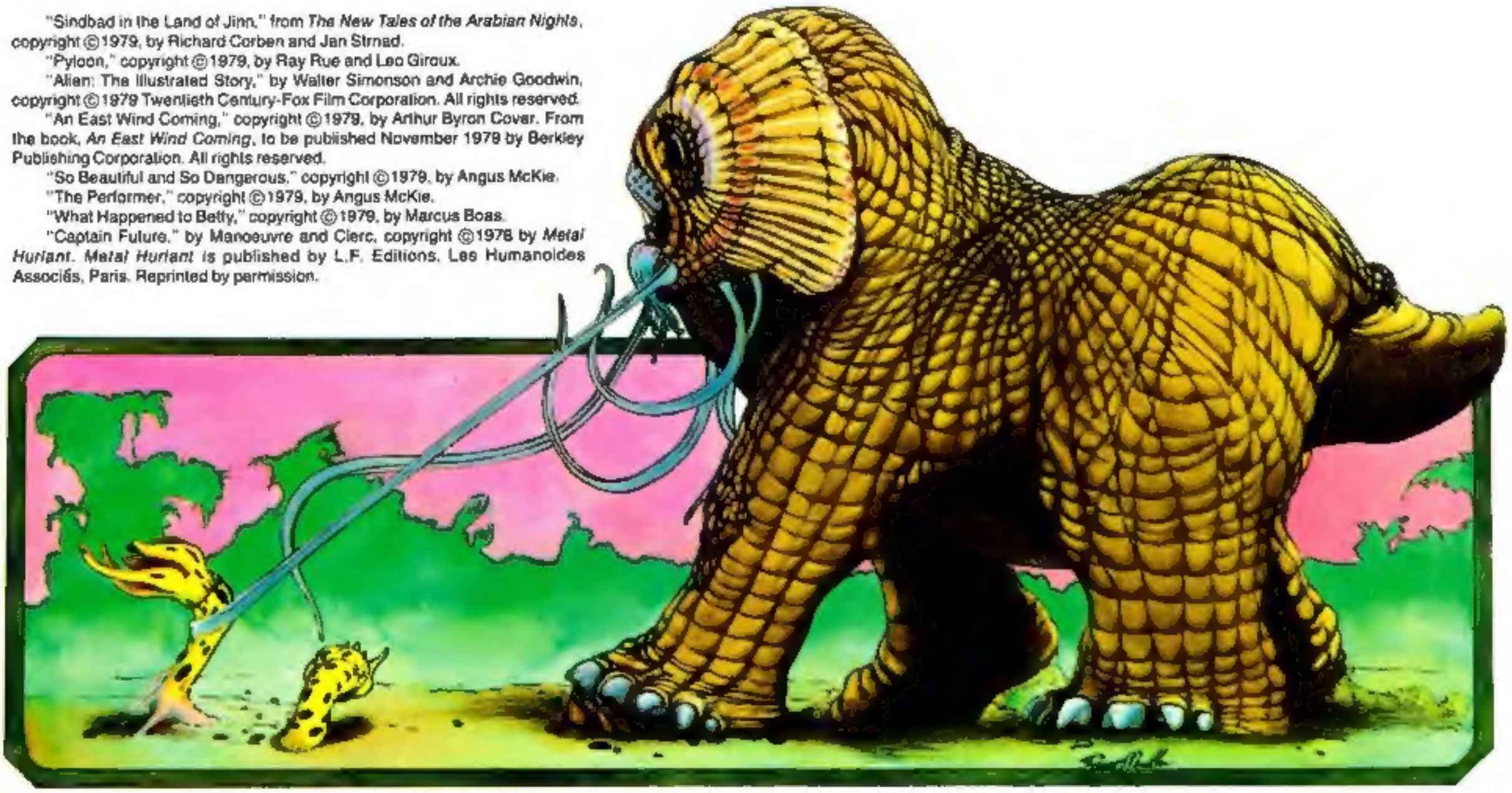
"An East Wind Coming," copyright © 1979, by Arthur Byron Cover. From the book, *An East Wind Coming*, to be published November 1979 by Berkley Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved.

"So Beautiful and So Dangerous," copyright © 1979, by Angus McKie.

"The Performer," copyright © 1979, by Angus McKie.

"What Happened to Betty," copyright © 1979, by Marcus Boas.

"Captain Future," by Manoeuvre and Clerc, copyright © 1978 by *Metal Hurlant*. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associés, Paris. Reprinted by permission.



Editors: **Sean Kelly, Valerie Marchant**

Managing Editor: **Julie Simmons**

Design Director: **Peter Kleinman**

Art Director: **John Workman**

Art Assistant: **Bill Workman**

Copy Editor: **Elise Cagan**

Editorial Associate: **Susan Zimmer**

Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**

Advertising Sales Manager: **Ronald Deutsch**

Circulation Director: **George Agoglia, Sr.**

Public Relations and Promotion: **Eric Rolfe Greenberg**

Foreign Rights Manager: **Barbara Sabatino**

Publisher: **Leonard Mogel**

Illustration by Stuart Nezin

...Twenty-seven...

Nezin's timely illustration on this page reminds us how important it is to have some heavy metal around the house. As Somebody-or-Other's Law says: the perversity of inanimate objects tends to the maximum.

Because we had a lot of short stuff in the May issue, we bring you a sustained piece of paranoid strangeness in June: "Captain Future" was scripted by the publisher, no less, of the French magazine, *Metal Hurlant*. His story tells of a twerp's rise to absolute power. All fiction is autobiographical, says Somebody-Else's Law.

Also included herein is the second, and last, segment of our "teaser" pages from *Alien: The Illustrated Story*. If you want to know what all those folks are gasping at, you can (a) see the movie; (b) read *The Illustrated Story* in *Heavy Metal* books; (c) read the novelization in the Warner's paperback; (d) read Avon's "movie-novel" version; (e) read *The Book of Alien*, the inside story on the making of the film (also from *Heavy Metal* books); or (f) all of the above.

We are testing Yet-Another-Somebody's Law about the number of spin-off books that can be supported on the hypotenuse of a great sf flick.

Now that Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, as well as the aforementioned *Alien*, are all on our neighborhood screens, we must remind ourselves once again not to believe that sf and fantasy have come of age, are taking over, etc., etc. Here's one last law: until ten million newsstand copies of a single issue of this magazine are sold, the whole thing is probably just a fad....

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Julian Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia**
Vice President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Creative Projects **Sean Kelly**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard B. Barthelmes**
Controller **Esther Barrett**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc.

Copyright © 1979 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. West Coast: Lowell Fox and Associates, 16200 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

"There was a muffled explosion as Behram shattered the globe. His death was instantaneous, I'm sure."

New Tales of the Arabian Nights

Sindbad in The Land of The Jinn

© 1979 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad

"For a few moments my ears rang and patterns danced before my eyes. I was aware of great turmoil and, from somewhere, a coarse, frantic screaming."

AAARRGGHK!

SMASH!

"It was Ali Ben-Abda, the Ogre, his body a living torch. For these were no earthly flames, but an all-consuming force that struck fear even in the cold heart of Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif."

AAARRRRRAAAAAAAAAA

CRASH!

"Ali's undead minions appeared like black insects from every cranny, running crookedly toward self-immolation. I had brought them salvation."

"I sought to flee the ship, but found my way blocked."

No, Sindbad. Your time has come.

KRUUNCH!

WANG!

WHAP!

Out of my way, damn you!

There's nowhere to go, Sindbad! Your life is forfeit!

Run your legs off, then, little man! If I can't slice you up, then by Allah I'll swallow you **whole!**

"My mind was in chaos! I needed a plan, but what? **What**?"

"I lashed out viciously at the bird's foot, not minding that, should the grip be released, I would fall to my death."

SKRREEEEEEEE!

"Luck was with me, and at last I had some faint notion of what I must do ..."

"... if only I had time, the strength ... and the grace of Allah!"

SNAP!
SKRIEEEEEEE!

"I clung to Al-Ra'ad's body as it spiraled down and down. Sight and feeling left me. In darkness, my tortured mind at last found peace."

"The next thing I perceived was warm sand and the scent of the ocean . . ."

". . . and a dog's wet tongue lapping against my face."

to be continued

A SPACE OPERA, COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

SUPER SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL

CAPTAIN FUTURE

HM EDITIONS

JUNE

THE AMAZING CAPTAIN FUTURE

CAPTAIN FUTURE

A HERO CREATED BY PHIL MANOEUVRE

CAPTAIN FUTURE

AMAZING!! THRILLING!! SPECTACULAR!!

DRIINNNG

POP!

WHEW! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NIGHT-MARES!

Ronald THE DUCK

CLOCK

ORRIIING

SNIFF!

SPLURT!!

NOW FOR A LITTLE COFFEE!

GAS METER

SKRITCH SKRATCH

potato chip

INSTANT CHOCO-BEV

YESTERDAY'S LAST-DITCH ULTIMATUM FROM THE MARTIAN FORCES WAS REJECTED OUT OF HAND...

AND AT 3400 HOURS, OUR FORCES BLEW THE SWAN GALAXY TO ATOMIC BITS A TOTAL VICTORY THEN AND THERE FOR OUR AMBASSADOR, GUY HUBBLE!

radiolux. AM+FM

POWER

YOU MIGHT HAVE WOKE ME UP, TOO. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO GOES TO WORK, YOU KNOW.

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

JULY, 1995

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ON THE DOOR-STEP...

280

DAMN IT ALL!

SERGE CLERC

A DEMONSTRATION! JUST MY LUCK! NOW I'LL BE LATE FOR THE THINK TANK SESSION..

'SCUSE ME! PLEASE! PARDON ME! LET ME THROUGH..

STOP

NO

MORE

UP THE DUS

DSU

D.U.S

AT THE SAME MOMENT, SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF THAT GREEN HELL, AMAZONIA...

HE WILL TALK, WON'T HE, PROFESSOR Z

SERGE CLERC,

YOUR ROBBOIDS BROUGHT HIM HERE IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE! I HAD TO OVERHAUL ALL HIS NATURAL CIRCUITS! IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF HE MAKES IT!!

DO SOMETHING, DAMN YOU! WE HAVE TO KNOW!

FUTURE! CAPTAIN FUTURE...

MY GOD! YOU HEARD IT!

TOO LATE... HE'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!!

5000 MILES AWAY, ON THE TOP FLOOR OF A MOST OSTENTATIOUS BUILDING, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE G.I.A. (GOVERNMENTAL INFORMATION AGENCY), A THINK TANK "SESSION" IS WINDING DOWN...

GENTLE-MEN, I HAVE SELDOM HEARD SUCH A PILE OF BULL-SHIT!

THIS WAR IS HITTING US HARD! AND OUR JOB IS TO COVER UP THE SITUA-TION!

NO ONE IS ASKING YOU TO TRANSFORM OUR DEFEATS INTO VICTORIES, JUST TO CREATE SOME ACCEPTABLE ALTER-NATIVES. A LITTLE PIZZAZZ, A LITTLE SHOW BUSINESS!

AFTER ALL, TRUTH IS RELATIVE!

IN THE NEXT ROOM.

NO! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

WE HAVE OUR ORDERS! I'M TELLING YOU, THIS CHARLIE FLUTCHER HAS GOT TO DISAPPEAR! "THEY" ARE ADAMANT ABOUT IT AND I'M RE-FERRING TO A GROUP EVEN HIGHER THAN THE GRAND COUNCIL!

IT'S ALL SET! HE'S OFF TO FIGHT ON SIMPROX!

WHAT? SIMPROX? THE LAST OUT-POST THAT'S SENDING HIM TO HIS DEATH!

UNDER WHAT PRE-TEXT? FOR WHAT REASON?

THIS VERY MORN-ING, YOUR DEAR LITTLE CHARLIE FLUTCHER TOOK PART IN A PEACE DEMONSTRA-TION!

LOOK AT THIS PHOTO-PROOF WE GOT IT FROM THE FILES OF THE SECRET POLICE ON HIS BLOCK

OH, ALL RIGHT!

GOOD! BUT TELL ME, IS IT TRUE YOU LIKE STRAWBERRY YOGURT?

BACK IN THE JUNGLE

CAPTAIN FUTURE! THOSE WORDS AGAIN! EVER SINCE THEY SENT THAT SHIP INTO THE FUTURE, THOSE TWO WORDS KEEP CROPPING UP AT THE CENTER OF WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND

OBVIOUSLY, BECAUSE YOU NEVER UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, PROFESSOR!

SO! YOU'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING AGAIN, MATILDA!

DO YOU NEED EVERYTHING EXPLAINED TO YOU? WHAT IS THE ONLY THING, ASIDE FROM US, THAT THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD FEAR?

THE FUTURE!

RIGHT! FOR WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS?

SO, THAT'S WHY THE VOYAGE INTO THE FUTURE OBSESSES THEM!

THEIR FIRST TIME TRAVELER BROUGHT BACK TALES OF AN INCREDIBLE BEING..

..CAPTAIN FUTURE! NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE BRAVE EXPLORER WAS PUT TO DEATH!

YOU KNEW HIM RATHER INTIMATELY, I UNDERSTAND

WELL ENOUGH TO FEEL I HAD TO COME AND ROT IN THIS JUNGLE FULL OF **SHABBY WRECKS** LIKE YOU!

WHAT-EVER YOU SAY MY DEAR! TUT! TUT! YOU SEE THIS ROBOT WE INTER-ROGATED! HE IS THE PROOF THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR

THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD ARE PANICKING! FROM ALL OVER, THEY'RE DISPATCHING ANYONE WHO MIGHT BREED OR BECOME "CAPTAIN FUTURE" TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE OF **SIMPROX!**

BUT WE HAVE OUR SPIES.

SUDDENLY, THE INTERCOM SCREAMS FOR ATTENTION...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

ZONE 3

A CALL FROM THE SATELLITE AT POSITION B I'LL LOOK INTO IT!!

BASE TRANSAMAZONIA

TRANSA

THIS IS BASE TRANSAMAZONIA COME IN! COME IN!

THEY HAVE FOUND A POTENTIAL CAPTAIN FUTURE ON MY STAFF THEY'RE SENDING HIM TO SIMPROX! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING EVEN MORE SERIOUS

HOW COME?

I THINK THEY KNOW ABOUT **STRAWBERRY YOGURT!**

IN THAT CAKE OVER AND **OUT!**

click!

WHAT A FOOL! WHY DID HE CALL US? OUR COVER WILL BE BLOWN IN LESS THAN TWENTY HOURS!

ALL THIS FOR SOME POTENTIAL CAPTAIN FUTURE!

THE DIRTY RATS! SO, WE KNOW THAT THIS CHARACTER IS LEAVING FOR SIMPROX! WHAT IF WE SAVE HIM, AND MAKE A HERO OUT OF HIM, A WEAPON TO USE AGAINST THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD!

AH! HA! VERY INTERESTING!

MEANWHILE, CRAMMED IN WITH A BUNCH OF SHOCK TROOPS, ZONKED ON MORPHO-C4, DRAGGING THEIR FEET WEIGHED DOWN BY HEAVY ANTI-GRAVITY BOOTS, CHARLIE FLETCHER UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HIM

AFTER A LONG WAIT, THE MEN ENTER THE ROCKETS.

HA! HA! HA! SO LONG, SUCKERS!

WAVE UPON WAVE, THE HEAVY ROCKETS BLAST OFF FROM THE BASE IN BROOKLAND, NARK

EMPIRE 361

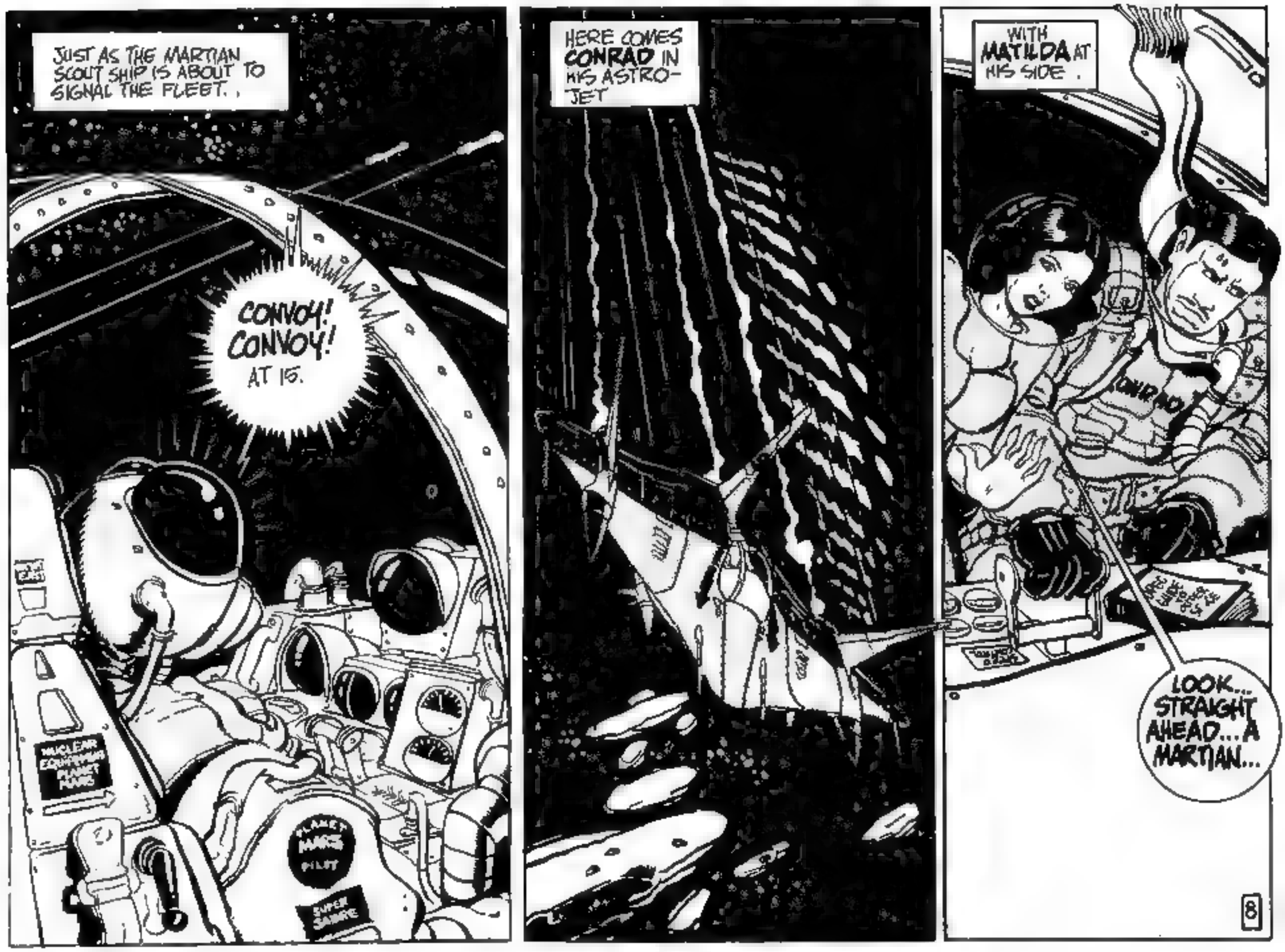
EMPIRE 310

BUT IN THE GREAT BEYOND, THE MARTIAN SCOUTS ARE WATCHING...

CAPTAIN FUTURE

INNOCENT BYSTANDER **CHARLIE FWUTCHER** FINDS HIMSELF BEING DEPORTED TO **SIMPROX**, WHERE A GALACTIC WAR IS RAGING. AND ALL BECAUSE THE **MASTERS OF THE WORLD** FEAR THE FUTURE.

STORY PHIL MANOEUVRE ART. SERGE CLERC


JUST AS THE MARTIAN SCOUT SHIP IS ABOUT TO SIGNAL THE FLEET. .
CONVOY! CONVOY! AT 15.
HERE COMES **CONRAD** IN HIS ASTRO-JET
WITH **MATILDA** AT HIS SIDE .
LOOK... STRAIGHT AHEAD... A MARTIAN...
8

TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE MARTIAN SPEEDS OFF INTO A CLUSTER OF ASTEROIDS

VULCAN

NOW WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM, CONRAD!

CLASH!

BUT CONRAD FIRES...

THE PROJECTILES FLASH OUT, LEAVING LUMINOUS TRAILS ACROSS SIDEREAL SPACE.

AND...

WHAAM!

VULCAN

BRAVO! CONRAD! YOU GOT H.M!

SURE! THANKS TO DOCTOR BONO'S LITE-SEEKING MISSILE!

9

IN THE ROCKET SHIP COMMANDER **BOUVIER-MULLER** IS UNAWARE OF ALL THIS.

AUTO-MATIC PILOT ALL THE WAY TO SIMPROX!

LOUD AND CLEAR, COM-MANDER!

FIVE DECKS BELOW, **CHARLIE FYUTCHER** BREAKS DOWN...

SOB SOB

HE THINKS OF HIS BOOKS AND HIS WIFE, AND HE WEEPS

BUT NOW THE EFFECT OF THE **MORPHO-C4** IS WEARING OFF AND THE SOLDIERS BEGIN TO FEEL PURE HATRED WASHING OVER THEM..

ONE OLD VET FINDS A WAY TO PASS THE TIME...

HEY, YOU!

WHAT! ME?

YEAH! YOU, YA **FAGGOT!** **KNEEL DOWN!**

NO!

I SAID KNEEL DOWN!

THE CONFRONTATION QUICKLY DEGENERATES INTO A FREE-FOR-ALL BRAWL.

CRACCKKK

AAAAAAAA

FIVE DECKS ABOVE, COMMANDER **BOUVIER-MULLER** IS TALKING WITH **MATSON**, HIS SECURITY OFFICER.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE FALL OF SIMPROX IS JUST A MATTER OF DAYS, AND YET THEY STAND..

THIS RIDICULOUS CONVOY TO THE **MASSACRE**! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON?

SECURITY

I'M JUST A **COP**! I DON'T GET IT!

SUDDENLY...

CCC... COMMANDER... ...THERE'S A **RIOT** DOWN BELOW!

AH! MERE ROUTINE! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT...

A FEW MINUTES LATER

SEAL OFF THE BULKHEAD AND WAIT! THEN IN TWENTY MINUTES, WHEN IT'S ALL OVER THROW THE DEAD INTO SPACE.

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR, I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK! THIS SPECTACLE MIGHT BE QUITE EDIFYING!

AS YOU PLEASE, MISTER MATSON!

CAN CHARLIE FYUTCHER LAST TWENTY MINUTES MORE?

WILL HE MAKE IT?

HUUUUU!

CAPTAIN FUTURE

FLASH FORWARD

MEANWHILE, CHARLIE BOY'S IN BIG TROUBLE!

EEEEKK!

CHARLIE FYUTCHER IS ABOUT TO FALL BENEATH THE HORDE, WHEN HE SEEMS TO FIND AN ALLY, IN THIS MAN!

AAAAAAW!

LITTLE BY LITTLE, THANKS TO THIS PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE, THE ATTACKS BEGIN TO DIE DOWN....

WHEW! I THINK IT'S OVER, NOW!!

MY GOD, I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED MYSELF CAPABLE OF.

IT'S THE MORPHO! IT TRANSFORMED YOU FROM A MOUSE TO A LION!

ANY WAY, YOU FOUGHT WELL!

NOTHING BROKEN? GOOD! NOW, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

?!

BUT THAT'S FORBIDDEN!

SHUT UP! LISTEN TO THAT SOUND!

RETURN TO SATURN

KILLER FLEAS OF PLU

WHA... WHAT IS IT?

ANDROIDS... IT'S THE ANDROIDS...

IN EMERGEN

YES, THE ANDROID SANITARY ENGINEERS... COMING TO THROW THE CORPSES OUT INTO SPACE...

337

338

510

HIDDEN IN A CORNER OF THE CABIN, **FAUTCHER** AND THE STRANGER OBSERVE THE ANDROIDS AT WORK...

ENGINE ROOM

WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO NEUTRALIZE ONE OF THEM!!

SERGE CLERC

14

AND JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER TWO STRANGE ANDROIDS LEAVE THE SCENE OF HUMAN CARNAGE...

338

337

BUT FROM A CATWALK ABOVE THE CORRIDOR, SECURITY OFFICER **MAT-SON** SPOTS THE TWO ANDROIDS..

HEY! THOSE TWO ANDROIDS! WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

?!

MY GOD! THAT'S RIGHT!

DROID 337! DROID 338!

NEVER MIND THAT! LOOK!

I'LL SEND THE SEEKER ROBOTS AFTER THEM!

NEVER MIND! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM MYSELF!! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

ZONE 450
DO NOT ENTER

337

338

338

ZONE 850
INTER SPACE SHIPS
ENTRANCE FORBIDDEN TO ALL WITH LESS THAN UNIT 5 CLEARANCE!

ANDROIDS S FORCE UNIT 338

AH!

THE TWO ANDROIDS ENTER THE IMMENSE ROOM THAT HOLDS THE SPACESHIPS. ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO BE LOOKING FOR A PARTICULAR VESSEL..

THERE! THAT'S THE PLANE!

112

WHAT PLANE?

I WARN YOU, DON'T DO ANY THING FOOLISH! THIS ARCHAIC WEAPON IS A REVOLVER THAT SHOOTS BULLETS!!

AN XCELLENT WEAPON, ACTUALLY!!

HE'S BLUFFING!!!

BLAM!!

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION RINGS OUT... THE BODY OF THE STRANGER COLLAPSES BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED **CHARLIE FYUTCHER...**

YOU.. YOU KILLED HIM!!

I NEVER KNEW WHO HE WAS' BUT HE SAVED MY LIFE''

YES, BUT WE TWO KNEW EACH OTHER. THIS MAN WAS NONE OTHER THAN **JOE STALIN!**

THE CONTROL OFFICERS ARE STARTLED AT THE VERY MENTION OF THE NAME ..

WHAT?! **JOE STALIN, THE RENEGADE!!**

YES! AND IT SEEMS JOE STALIN TRIED TO FREE THIS MAN!

SERGE CLERC

APRIL 78

SHOULD WE LIQUIDATE HIM, TOO?

337

CONTROL

905

NO! LEAVE HIM WITH ME!!

BUT WE CAN SEND THAT CORPSE OUT TO MEET HIS FRIENDS IN A LITTLE GIFT WRAPPING!!!

CHARLIE FLUTCHER IS CLOSELY WATCHED BY MATSON. BUT BECAUSE COMMANDER BOLVIER-MULLER HAS NOT GIVEN THE COP AUTHORITY TO PRACTICE THIRD-DEGREE TORTURE, CHARLIE ENDS HIS TRIP IN GOOD SHAPE...

EMPIRE

THE MONOTONY OF THE SPACE FLIGHT IS INTERRUPTED OCCASIONALLY BY THE VISION OF BRILLIANT NEBULAE...

A FEW DAYS LATER, **SIMPROX** IS IN SIGHT..

IMPERIAL FLEET CALLING! COME IN, SIMP-ONE! I REPEAT, CALLING SIMP-ONE! **COME IN!**

KRRR... THIS IS SIMP-ONE..

EMPIRE 910

EMPIRE

19

ON SIMPROX, A GROUP OF HAGGARD, MUD-SPLATTERED SOLDIERS...

ZACH! REIN-FORCEMENTS.

THIS IS SIMP-ONE HERE! HOLY SPACE JUNK! GET A MOVE ON! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONG-ER...

SIMP-ONE XYT

MEANWHILE, AFTER A DIFFICULT DESCENT, THE CONVOY LANDS IN A THUNDER OF ATOMIC RETRO-ROCKETS..

EMP!

DANGER

SCRIIIIIIIIIII

THAT MOMENT, RADIO CONTACT IS SUDDENLY LOST.

SIMP-ONE...COME IN, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

FOR SEVERAL LONG SECONDS THE LOUDSPEAKERS CRACKLE, THEN...

SIMPROX IS NO MORE, EARTHLING PRISONERS!

HATSON

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER SOME LONG SESSIONS, COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER SPEAKS TO THE CREW AND SOLDIERS ON THE INTERCOM...

SOLDIERS, THERE'LL BE NO FIGHTING! SIMPROX HAS FALLEN...

CONTROL 905

THE MARTIANS ATTACKED OUR SHIPS WITH THEIR SUPERATOMIZERS WE ARE LEAVING FOR AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION CHOSEN BY THE MARTIANS. STAND READY FOR IMMEDIATE TAKEOFF!!

DANGER

WHA.. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS WE'RE THE MARTIANS' PRISONERS! THE WORST IS YET TO COME!!

21

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43...

PYLOON & QA

IN "THE OUTPOST"

ART: RAY RUE/SCRIPT: LEO GIROUX, JR.

©1978 RUE/GIROUX

IT IS MATING TIME ON THE PLANET, ARK-- FIERCE PYLOON SEEKS QA, A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES, AT AN OUTPOST NEAR ONE OF THE POLES.

HIS MEMORY OF HER LINGERS LIKE A MIRAGE!

PYLOON, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN TRAILED BY TLIX, A BURROWER MINION OF ARLURGAAH, THE ICE GIANT. EARLIER PYLOON HAD ESCAPED FROM A CRYOGENIC BERG, AND TLIX HAS BEEN SENT TO RECAPTURE HIM.

TELEPATHICALLY, QA TAUNTS: "HA, FOOLISH *PYLOON*, WILL YOU NEVER LEARN AND LEAVE ME BE?"

AND AT THE BASE OF THE OUTPOST--

WHILE *PYLOON* IS TELEPORTED INTO THE OUTPOST, *QA* RESTS IN ONE OF THE CAFES.

"YOU WILL BE MINE, NOW AND FOREVER!" -- *PYLOON* LUNGED AT THE FIGURE HE BELIEVED WAS *QA*, ONLY TO FIND--

"KILL HIM!" SCREAMS THE *R'YL* CHIEFTAIN.

"KILL *ME*!!!" REPLIES *PYLOON*...

"NEVER, BY THE THOUSAND MOONS OF *NADA-LON!*" GO *PYLOON* SWEARS BY THE *AXMIAN* HEAVEN...

"THERE, *PYLOON*--- IF YOU WOULD HAVE ME, TAKE YOUR PICK!" QA HAS USED THE MESMERIZING HIEROGLYPHIC* ON HER THIGH TO CREATE A MADDENING ILLUSION—MULTIPLE IMAGES OF HERSELF IN A KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLORS!

USING HIS SENSORS TO FIND THE TRUE *QA*, *PYLOON* ASSUMES HIS NATURAL PURPLISH HUE.

*THESE GLYPHS, CONSTANTLY CHANGING IN COLOR AND SHAPE, ARE POWERFUL *LIVING* SYMBOLS OF THE *AKXIAN* SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE!

"PYLOON, BELOVED, HE WILL FIRE THE WEAPON!" QA SHOWS HER TRUE EMOTION FOR ONCE. THEN THE GROUND TILTS AND THE DIN IS INCREASED!

"AAH--HERE ARE MANY FOR *NUURGAAH'S* CRYOGENIC KITCHEN," GLOATS *TLIX*.

TLIX IS ABOUT TO FREEZE *PYLOON* BUT HE IS NETTED BY *QA* ON HER AIR SLED AND PULLED TO SAFETY.

"AS THEY FLY, QA TAUNTS: "ACCEPT IT, *PYLOON*, YOU ARE DOOMED TO A LIFE OF UNFULFILLED DESIRE!" "YOU CALLED ME BELOVED," HE SHOUTS BACK.

ANGRILY, QA CUTS THE NET FREE --- "FOR THAT, YOU CAN SWIM HOME!"

FINIS

CAPTAN FUTURE

SMPROX HAS FALLEN, AND THE IMPERIAL FLEET'S CREW HAS BEEN DEPORTED TO A MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION BY THE MARTIANS.. AND NOW THAT THE INFAMOUS JOE STALIN HAS BEEN KILLED, WHAT WILL BEFALL THE REBEL AGENTS?

BECAUSE, WHILE ALL THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON, CONRAD AND MATILDA HAVE BEEN TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE TO KEEP THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH JOE STALIN...

I CHECKED THE DETECTO-SYSTO! IT CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER.

FUZZZZZZ

AND WHAT IF THEY AREN'T THERE?

AUTOM ATIC

JANUARY

NORTHROP

TUT! TUT! MY DEAR! YOU'RE UNDER-ESTIMATING GOOD OLD JOE!

WAIT! THERE'S A BLEEP ON THE TELE-SCREEN!

CONRAD

A LIGHT PLANE SEEMS TO BE APPROACH-ING, TEARING THROUGH THE ICY VOID OF SPACE..

SX-1

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THE HEAVY SX-1 ESPADONIC SLIPS CLOSE BY CONRAD AND MATILDA'S ROCKET.

THAT'S STRANGE! WHY HASN'T STALIN MADE CONTACT WITH US?

COULD HE BE IN TROUBLE? TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, MATILDA. I'M GOING TO CHECK INTO THIS!!

CONRAD

AFTER PUTTING ON HIS SPACE-SUIT, CONRAD PROPELS HIMSELF IN THE DIRECTION OF **JOE STALIN'S** SHIP...

MATILDA IS IN CONTACT WITH HIM...

BE CAREFUL, CONRAD! I'M SCARED!

GOL-DARN IT! THIS DAMN HATCH!

AH! GOT IT!

BUT ALONE IN THE CORRIDORS, SILENCE ANSWERS THE ECHO OF HIS FOOTSTEPS

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

AH! HERE WE ARE! THE COCKPIT!

HOLY COW!
535
WELCOME TO HELL!
25

AND SUDDENLY

CRAAAASH

THUS IS A DREADFUL TRAP SET IN PLACE BY MATSON SPRUNG

A MYSTERIOUS BOMB PULVERIZES THE BRAVE CONRAD AND JOE STALIN'S CORPSE..

DAZED BY THE SHOCK WAVES MATILDA SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ..

MY GOD! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CONRAD?

A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE SCREEN TELLS HER... IN THE SURROUNDING SPACE, THERE REMAINS ONLY SOME BURNT DEBRIS. HER OWN SPACESHIP HAS SUFFERED HEAVY DAMAGES.

A PRISONER IN SPACE!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63...

ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

APPROACHING ORBITAL APOGEE. MARK. TWENTY SECONDS...

NINETEEN... EIGHTEEN.

ROLL 92 DEGREES STAR-BOARD YAW!

EQUATORIAL ORBIT NAILED! ASH, SHOUT IF THE EC PRES-SURE READING CHANGES

WORRIED ABOUT RE-DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT DISABLING CMGS CON-TROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT WITH TACS AND MONITOR THROUGH COMPU-TER IN-TERFACE.

FEEL BETTER?

A LOT PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...

L ALIGNMENT ON PORT AND STAR-BOARD IS GREEN

GREEN ON SPINAL UMBILICUS SEVERANCE.

CROSSING THE TERMIN-ATOR NIGHT SIDE COMING UP.

STAND BY. FIVE SEC-ONDS. FOUR. THREE. TWO.. ONE..

DISENGAGE

BAM

BAM

BAM

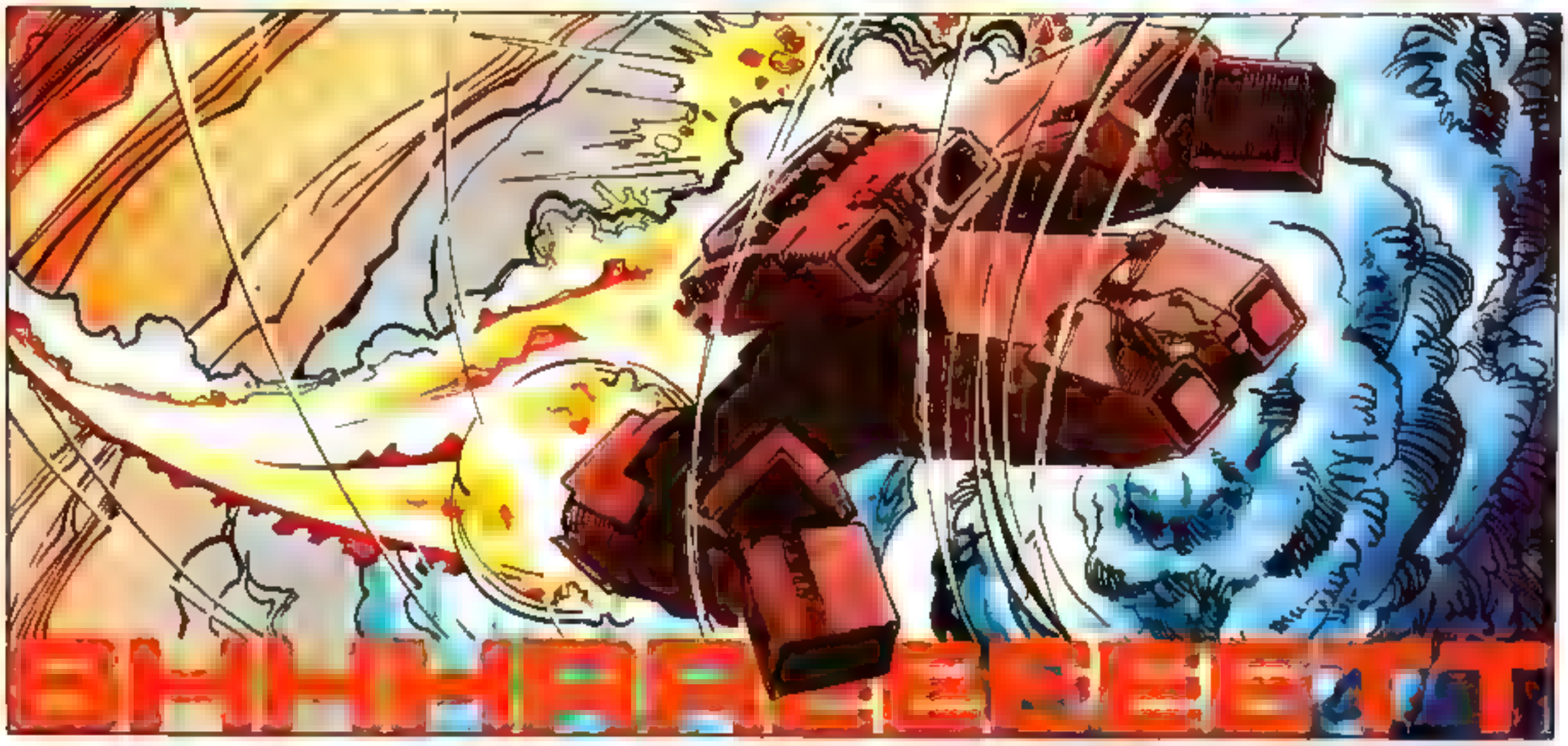
OKAY. THE MONEY'S SAFE LET'S GO DOWN-STAIRS.

DROPPING 50,000 METERS. DOWN DOWN 40,000..

ENTERING ATMOSPHERE

TURBULENCE, DALLAS.. BAD.

AND NOT LIKELY TO GET BETTER. LET'S HAVE THE NAVIGATIONAL LIGHTS.


BWWAAEEE

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.

THEN, SHAKING, SHUDDERING..

WE'RE DOWN. BUT--

LOST IT LOST IT!

LIGHTS... EVERY DAMN THING.

WE CAN'T WAIT!

RIPLEY! GET THE ENGINE ROOM--

SECONDARY GENERATOR SHOULD KICK IN, KANE.

WHERE IS IT?

--FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED.

GODDAM DUST IS WHAT! INTAKES CLOGGED OVERHEATED!

GOT AN ELECTRIC FIRE!

BIG! AN' WE BURNED OUT A WHOLE CELL..

CHRIST...!

IT'S REALLY BREAKNG LOOSE DOWN HERE!

SOMEBODY GIVE ME A SIMPLE ANSWER.

HAS THE HULL BEEN BREACHED?

I DON'T SEE ANY-TH.NG. WE'VE STILL GOT PRESSURE.

BUT ALL SCREENS ARE OUT, DALLAS.

ENGINE ROOM REPORTING. FIRE'S UNDER CONTROL.

RIPLEY, PARKER. HOW LONG BEFORE WE'RE FUNCTIONAL?

MOST OF THIS CAN'T BE FIXED RIGHT OUT-SIDE OF DRYDOCK.

SECONDARY LOAD SHARING UNIT IS GONE..

...ALONG WITH THREE CELLS ON 12 MODULE. AND FOUR PANEL IS TOTALLY SHOT.

RIPLEY ESTIMATES FIFTEEN TO TWENTY HOURS. MEANTIME THE AUXILIARIES SHOULD CARRY US.

HOW ABOUT WHAT BROUGHT US HERE, ASH?

NO TRUE RESPONSE. JUST THAT SAME SIGNAL EVERY 32 SECONDS.

KICK IN THE FLOODS, LAMBERT!

GOD, DALLAS. WE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE IN THIS. RIGHT, ASH?

MOTHER SAYS SUNRISE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES. SHE FIXES SOURCE OF TRANSMISSION AT 3000 METERS NORTHEAST

CLOSE ENOUGH TO WALK.

SHOULD BE A LOVELY DAY FOR IT. NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST GROUP?

YOU GOT IT LAMBERT... YOU, TOO

SWELL

HEY, RIPLEY WE GET TO GO ON THAT LITTLE WALK . OR WE STUCK HERE 'TIL EVERYTHING'S FIXED?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT

WHAT ABOUT THE SHARES... IN CASE THEY FIND ANY-THING?

DON'T WORRY YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.

WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK UNLESS PARKER AN' ME GET FULL SHARES.

BRETT, YOUR SHARE IS GUARANTEED BY LAW NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF AND GET BACK ON THE JOB!

RIGHT

FLIK

ALL RIGHT CLEM

I'M TELLING YOU THERE'S SOMETHING BEYOND THE FLOOR

TRY OUR TEN FADER, LAMBERT

IS TUNED TO THE TRANSMISSION LET IT LEAD YOU

GOT GOOD CONTACT ON IN BOARD, DALLAS

SHOULD BE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY

RIGHT SEE YOU, ASH

GOD IT'S LIKE THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN I CAN'T SEE THREE METERS IN ANY DIRECTION

GET GRIPNG LAMBERT

I LIKE GRIPNG KANE

COME ON YOU TWO

WHAT A WONDERFUL LITTLE PLACE TOTALLY UNSPOILED

JUST AND ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO DEEPER BEAM IS FADING OUT

YOU'LL HAVE DAY-LIGHT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, DALLAS.

GREAT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE SOMETHING THEN

OR THE OTHER WAY AROUND

THERE. FOUR PANEL IS BACK IN SHAPE YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE REST.

DON'T WORRY

IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE .. I'LL BE ON THE BRIDGE.

RIGHT.

BITCH.

ASH I'M BACK HOW'S IT GOING?

ALL R.GHT

HAVE YOU TRIED PUTTING THE TRANS-MISSION THROUGH *EC/U²*

MOTHER HASN'T IDENTIFIED IT YET, RIPLEY.

I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT

BE MY GUEST

HERE'S OUR SUNL GHT

DUST IS SETTLING TOO, DALLAS. S GNALS COMING BACK UP STRONG

LOOK SHARP A LITTLE MORE CLEARING AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO--

JESUS CHR ST

AN EAST WIND COMING

by Arthur Byron Cover

I am the wolfman!

And the forest, which had been filled with the chatterings of insects and birds, was stilled by that dreaded cry. Silver owls did not rustle their wings as they remained perched on the limbs of elm and maple trees. Red crickets, normally the most talkative of creatures, lapsed into an unaccustomed silence. Beasts of prey—and prey—halted, not daring to move their paws for fear that they would crackle dry leaves or snap twigs, and those sounds, so meaningless and commonplace during other times, would guide the creator of that cry to his feast.

I am the wolfman!

The cry was softer this time, almost piteous; and it seemed to the more intelligent animals that the creature experienced a measure of regret as he broadcast his boast throughout the wood.

I am the wolfman!

The words were whispered now; and the silver owls, who possessed remarkable insight, imagined the creature in an uncharacteristically introspective mood, drooping his shoulders and hanging his head, lamenting the fate that had made him the victim of dark forces nurturing his savage impulses. For once there had been a time when the wolfman had not been feared.

As the wispy clouds were gently parted by cool winds, the full moon glowed, illuminating pathways, clearings, and treetops. Animals who had paused in the open now faded into the woods as silently as they could. No one could be sure that the wolfman was far away, because his cry echoed; it did not seem to diminish with distance, but to grow instead, as if his fierce joy and pathetic sadness endowed his lungs with an impossible strength. The animals did not feel secure or safe when they were no longer bathed in silver light; the mere act of hiding did not protect them from the wolfman. But there was something comfortable about being enveloped in the darkness, about not being touched by the light that had created the wolfman.

Finally, standing on top of a grassy mountain overlooking the forest, silhouetted by the impassive moon, he uttered one last cry.

I

He clenched his fists, his claws digging into his palms, and threw back his head to stare at the sky.

am

His voice, which spoke only four words, was softer now, though its volume was no less. His black lips were drawn back, snarling, pressing tight against his gums.

the

And he inhaled, standing on the front pads of his feet, flexing his muscles, imagining his blood—red and warm—flowing through his arms and legs.

wolfman!

His cry concluded triumphantly, all traces of self-pity having vanished, overwhelmed by a sudden satisfaction in the knowledge that of all the unique animals in the forest, none was his equal. Very little other knowledge, true knowledge rested in his mind (though occasionally disturbing flashes of well-articulated thoughts occurred to him, only to be totally forgotten in an instant); his actions were dictated by his instincts, which were capable of instructing him how to overcome every challenge and how to satisfy every craving. Now he craved food and, growling, he loped toward the forest.

The wolfman had claws nearly a decimeter long, on both his hands and his feet. His body was covered with brown hair. As he leisurely prowled the forest, his thick arms dangled and his hands often scraped the ground like those of an ape. He had red eyes, a flattened nose, long ears, and a dimpled chin; when he closed his mouth, the tips of his two canine fangs protruded over his lower lip. His face was not quite as hairy as the remainder of his body; about his nose and cheeks was a hairless patch of thick brown skin. His one article of clothing was a tattered pair of green corduroy trousers.

Illustration by Bernie Wrightson

Game was abundant this night, and the wolfman felt a craving for

a splendid feast, but not for food that he could hunt and kill in the forest When he detected the scent of a doe, which he could outrun easily and which would prove to be no challenge, he ignored it, and he ignored other game, so much game that the silver owls, who were always present at the site of death, were confused and upset Something was not normal this night The animals of the forest had grown reconciled to the forays of the wolfman during the full moon, and now something new was wrong Although it was usually contrary to their dispositions to be concerned for the welfare of others, the animals were afraid for the wolfman's latest prey; they sensed that his character had undergone another radical alteration, which, though it might not affect the equilibrium of their lives, would have a disastrous effect on the balance of life elsewhere

Soon the wolfman effortlessly ran through the forest, navigating the ground as if he had explored it all carefully in the past, as if he had noted every fallen log, every bush, every rock, every hole, every crevice He did not pause to rest Some force—not his instincts, which merely guided him—urged him onward, and he leaped over streams, darted under low-hanging branches, dashed through clearings, and weaved through clumps of trees, his primitive mind trusting entirely to that mysterious force

Eventually he passed out of the forest and entered a land of many strange wonders, wonders that he invariably disregarded because he was so intent upon reaching his goal (whatever it was) He did not possess the subtlety of mind to appreciate the beauty of the waterfall, which poured down a jewel mountain reflecting the stars and the moonlight, at the base of the waterfall, mist hung in the air and when he bounced over huge jewels in the river, the droplets clung to his fur, causing it to glisten as if a frightful vision had streaked it white. He was not overwhelmed by (because he could not comprehend) the massive canyons whose walls were actually invisible force fields preventing entry into another dimension He was not distracted by the eerie sight of a sector of space in that dimension trapped underneath a barren plain of earth Nor did he feel peaceful and serene when he ran through fields of tall grass, which appeared to be tan in the blanching glow of the moon He felt only excitement as he impatiently traversed those fields, toward the waiting golden city that beckoned on the horizon

The wolfman suppressed the urge to utter his dreaded cry as he approached the golden city His stomach gnawed, for a moment he regretted bypassing all those opportunities to feast in the forest, where the game had been plentiful, but the thought faded like so many others before it He realized (as well as he could realize anything) that the choice had been his, and that if he had gorged, he would have been too sluggish to travel to the city, where awaited the meal he desired above all others

He silently ran past several empty wooden or brick houses, which formed a feeble barrier between the fields and the city Then he entered a magnificent neighborhood of golden apartment complexes The urge to utter his cry and to kill simultaneously was almost too potent to resist, but though he had never before required caution during his brief lifetime as a hunter, his instincts warned him that caution was required now Carefully avoiding garbage cans which, when struck, would create a dreadful clamor, and avoiding parties of eternal children absorbed in their inane games, the wolfman stalked the golden city He could have killed anytime; he was undetected. He could have burst into an apartment or crashed through a window; he could have slain the first prey he saw Any one of over a hundred eternal children could have been his But the mysterious force informed his primeval intelligence that here was not the proper site, that elsewhere was more appropriate. Though the wolfman's hunger was without parallel in his fleeting memory, he chose to ignore it, to follow the will of the force instead Besides, the thought of so many creatures who could conceivably retaliate in such close proximity disturbed him His instincts instructed him to fear these creatures who enclosed themselves in shimmering gold

Soon he found himself in a neighborhood that was the exact duplicate of the other, save that it was empty. Now his hunger was overpowering, too great to be regulated by practical concerns. He still would not kill while there were several of these creatures together, but he had no qualms about slaying a creature who was alone. Both his instincts and the mysterious force seemed to agree on this matter, and they directed him through the empty neighborhood whose unnatural silence distressed him

However, after a short time he scented the creatures again, in yet a third neighborhood, much more crowded than the first The wolfman could not mistake the almost tangible feeling of *loneliness* in the atmosphere It did not matter who was in close proximity to whom in this third neighborhood; all these creatures, even when touching, were *alone*. The wolfman did not ponder upon how he knew this sophisticated fact, upon how he sensed a feeling which previously he had been unequipped to understand, but his was not a questioning nature; it was enough that he knew Without realizing the implications of it, he had somehow become familiar with these creatures he had thought so alien to him And his familiarity bred in him a supreme confidence similar to the one he habitually carried with him in the forest

Indeed, the neighborhood, though it shimmered gold, resembled a forest, a jungle It offended the wolfman even as he exalted in it The streets were cracked, in disrepair; clumps of weeds crawled through holes and clung to the concrete like strong green spiderwebs. The streetlamps were few and dim, underneath several lay pieces of glass Windows were boarded, fire escapes and railings were rusty, a sink outside a building had a leaky faucet The neighborhood also resembled a forest in that it was allowed to take on its own character, though some ghostly thought informed the wolfman that the creatures could mold their environment to their liking if they chose When the wolfman observed the creatures, either singly or in groups, as he searched for the proper victim, he detected their sense of desolation, their lack of purpose, their despondency—all mirrored and reinforced in the neighborhood they inhabited

Goaded by both his hunger and the fascination born of an unsuspected kinship with these creatures, the wolfman hunted for many hours Often he did not care if he was detected, and he traveled entire blocks via the rooftops, jumping from building to building, or he ran down dark, deserted streets and alleys. Finally his instincts informed him that an entire area was virtually deserted, and he waited on top of a two-story building for an unsuspecting creature to pass beneath him

His patience was rewarded sooner than he had hoped After fifteen minutes of waiting, he heard the rhythm of slow footsteps gradually becoming louder He stifled the urge to growl in anticipation

The creature was a female She had a lean body, brown eyes, and black hair cut just above her shoulders. She wore a beige raincoat, though the sky was still clear and the light of the full moon was almost undiminished by the glow of the golden city Her hands were in her pockets She watched her feet as she walked, unmindful of any obstacles that might be before her. For an instant the wolfman felt a twinge of pity as his red eyes glowered upon her features; she suggested a fragility that stirred something in his stomach, something other than hunger (or a hunger of a different type), something that he repressed immediately as he reminded himself that he was the wolfman That he desired a feast That all irrelevant concerns must be put aside as he fought for his survival in this strange golden city

The wolfman jumped toward the sidewalk, not five meters in front of the creature He snarled as she stepped backward and screamed. He imagined his claws ripping into her, as they had ripped into prey so often in the forest, and it seemed that already her blood was warming his mouth, that already he was leaving her on the sidewalk, her unwanted parts torn from her body and left for the scavengers As she closed her eyes, paled, and began to swoon, he leaped toward her, preparing to rend her with an upward sweep of his claws as she fell He uttered his cry

I am

And he felt his body crackle as if he had suddenly stepped into the fires of a volcano. He did not feel pain, not as he was used to experiencing pain, but it seemed that his body had been split into a million different bloodless parts

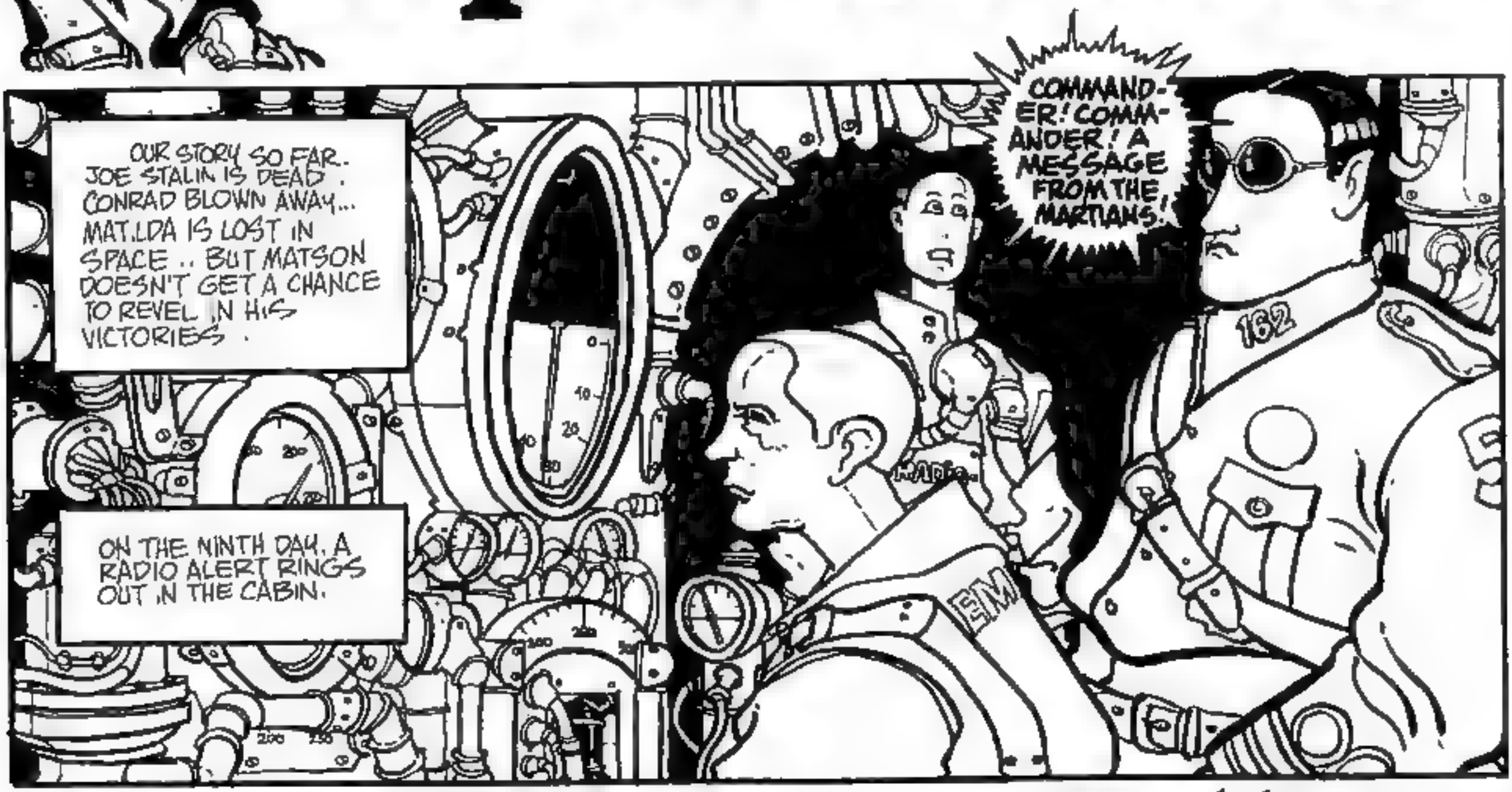
the wolfman

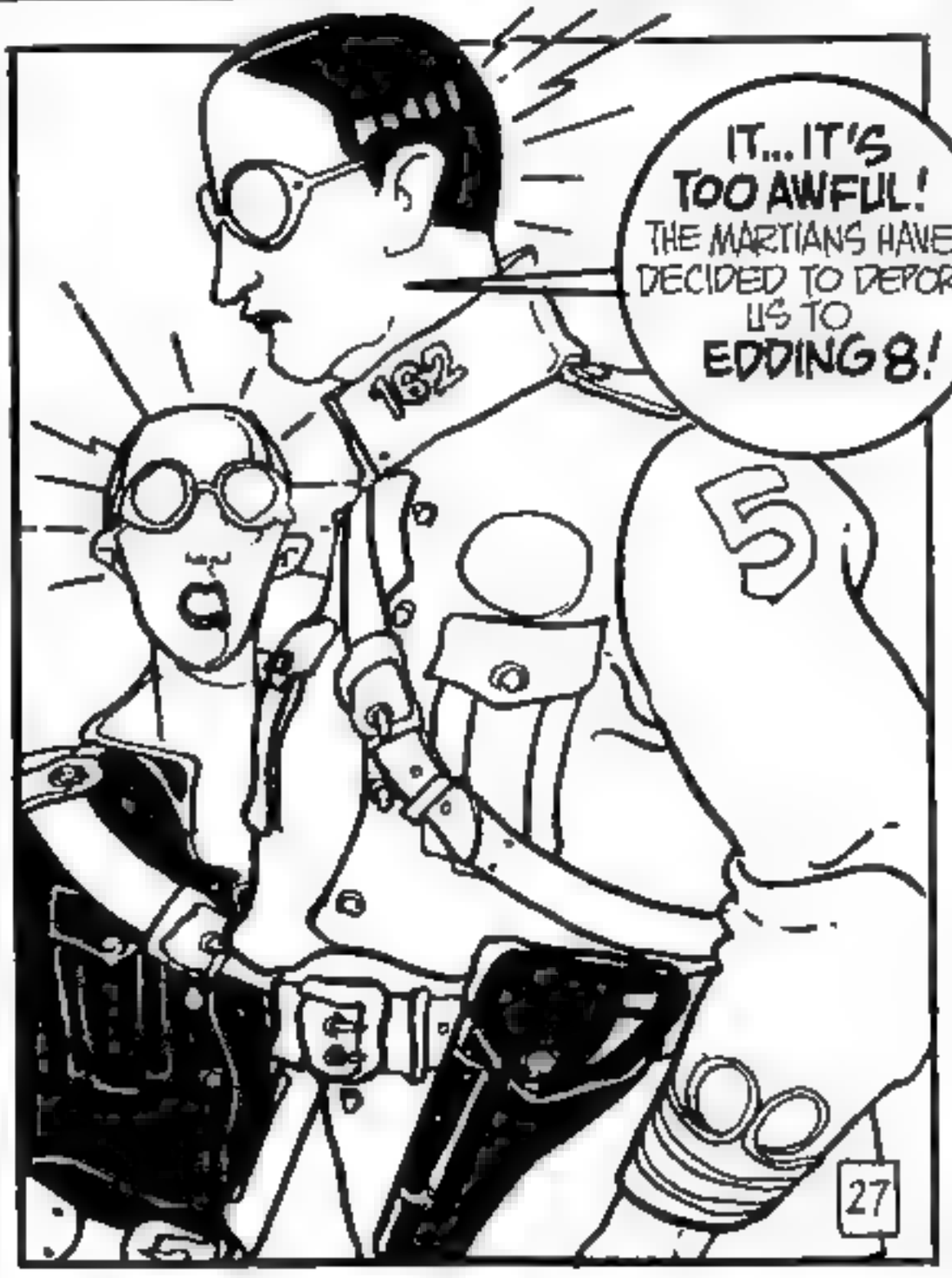
He concluded his cry in the forest. He did not know how he had arrived back in the forest, and he did not care He had become mad, a vessel of rage, and his primitive mind vowed that before dawn he would slay many animals, that it did not matter if he feasted or not, so long as animals were dead and all knew that he was the most fearsome prowler in the forest Growling, he stared at a tree

I am the wolfman

A silver owl, it seemed to him, returned his stare with approval •

THE AMAZING Captain Future


OUR STORY SO FAR.. JOE STALIN IS DEAD. CONRAD BLOWN AWAY... MATILDA IS LOST IN SPACE .. BUT MATSON DOESN'T GET A CHANCE TO REVEL IN HIS VICTORIES.
ON THE NINTH DAY, A RADIO ALERT RINGS OUT IN THE CABIN.
COMMAND-ER! COMM-ANDER! A MESSAGE FROM THE MARTIANS!
162



EDDING 8, THE JUNGLE PLANET! FROM WHICH NO ONE EVER RETURNS..

A GHASTLY DEATH AWAITS US! HOW DISHONORABLE!

I WOULD RATHER.. ORDER A GENERAL DISINTEGRATION!

EMPIRE

M-AR

MATSON AND THE CREW FREEZE AT THE SOUND OF HIS WORDS, THEIR EYES WIDE WITH TERROR

SUDDENLY FYUTCHER EXPLODES. NEVER!

AND IN A FLASH, HE GRABS MATSON'S LASER AND SHOOTS COMMANDER BOUNIER-MULLER, WHO FALLS SILENTLY

ZAP!

WELL, WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO YOU SURE GOT EVERYONE'S ATTENTION"

3-37

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD HER MANGLED SPACESHIP, MATILDA SLIDES INTO A SURVIVAL CHAMBER, SWALLOWS A METABOLIC MODERATOR AND SINKS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

. AND ONLY A FEW SPECTRA LATER, AN ASTRONAUT NOTICES THE SPACESHIP FLOATING ON THE SPATIAL CURRENTS

?!

HEY! CHECK IT OUT! A WRECK!

SPACE PIN-UP

COOL! LET'S TRY THOSE INFRA-CANNONS WE LIFTED ON ANTARIS...

HOLD ON!

YOU BET!

STOP!!!

HEY, QUIT IT, STIV! SHIT! WE WERE JUST TRYIN' OUT THE CANNONS!

PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS OCTOBER

PIRATS

JUNKERS

YES, INDEED, THIS IS A JOB FOR STIV BUDDER, THE WORST RAT IN THE GALAXY! KING OF THE SPACE PIRATES!

DUMB FUCKERS! YOU'RE GOING TO "INVESTIGATE" THAT SHIP FOR ME...

AND BRING BACK ANYTHING OF ANY VALUE TO ME!

30

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A STORM-CLOUD OF PIRATES CIRCLES THE WRECK, LOOKING FOR A WAY IN

EVENTUALLY, THE MEN SPREAD OUT THROUGH THE BELLY OF THE WRECKED SHIP.

NOT A FUCKIN' THING IN THIS HEAP 'WE SHOULD OF AIMED A COUPLE OF MISSLES AT IT.

MAYBE NOT, LOOK AT THIS!

FUCK, A WOMAN!

160

31

BACK ON THE PIRATE SHIP, IT'S TIME TO DIVVY UP THE LOOT..

HOLY SHIT! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO IT, STIN2! HUH2!!!

KILLERS

DE GOULG

THAT'S SOME CHICK!!

HA!HA! GUESS!!

BAD NEWS FOR MATILDA, WHO IS JUST BEGINNING TO AWAKE FROM HER LONG SLEEP...

MMMMM

METAL

JUNE

A SUIVRE

32

THE INVINCIBLE

CAPTAIN FUTURE

STORY SO FAR CHARLIE FWUTCHER HAS KILLED COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER AND MATILDA HAS BEEN RESCUED BY STIV BUDDER, CHIEF OF THE SPACE PIRATES..

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS, AS THE PIRATES RAPE MATILDA, THE IMPERIAL FLEET LANDS ON EDDING 8, THE JUNGLE PLANET... FROM ORBIT, THE MARTIAN CREWS SURVEY THE LANDING OF THE TERRESTRIAL TROOPS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT..

REPEAT.. STAND CLEAR OF THE SHIPS

Gruppe

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, TWO MEGA RAYS PULVERIZE THE CENTRAL SYSTEMS OF THE HEAVY-DUTY ROCKETS..

DENSE SMOKE SOON RISES INTO THE SKY, BEFORE THE GAZE OF THE DISTRESSED EARTHLINGS

HOWEVER, QUICKLY ENOUGH, LIFE IS ORGANIZED ON EDDING 8, UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE MERCILESS MATSON .. RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITIONS ARE DISPATCHED...

WHILE THE MAJORITY OF THE TROOPS BUSY THEMSELVES SETTING UP CAMP AROUND THE DEBRIS OF THE ROCKETS..

DANGER

95

MODEL 856

34

TERRA

MEANWHILE, IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN A MAKE-SHIFT BARRACKS, CHARLES FYUTCHER AWAITS HIS PUNISH-MENT..

IT'S A SURE THING. THE MARTIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE EARTH.. I'M GOING CRAZY...

DANGER

THE SEVENTH NIGHT..

YOU SLEEPING, FYUTCHER ?

WHAT?

CCO

STAND UP! THE ARMY COUNCIL HAS NAMED YOU CAPTAIN BECAUSE YOUR PROMPT ACTION SAVED THE FLEET...

YOUR FIRST MISSION RECONNOITER THE DELTA ZONE.

WHAT ZONE?

DELTA. A TROPICAL HELL! TWO OF OUR PATRIOTS HAVE ALREADY DISAPPEARED THERE!

YOU'LL FADE INTO THE SCENERY, OLD MAN!

IN THE PIRATE SHIP, STIV BUDDER HAS MADE MATILDA HIS PERSONAL OLD LADY SOMEWHERE IN HER PROTRACTED NIGHTMARE, CROWDED WITH CRAZED SEXUAL SESSIONS WITH THE PIRATE. MATILDA SEES A RAY OF

STIV! WHERE ARE WE GOINGZ

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR KITH TORCHECK

ON FOR MORE PLUNDER! ON TO THE NEXT MASSACRE!! I DON'T KNOW!

ALIEN

KING OF SPACE

YOU'RE SO VAGUE! AND INDECISION MAKES YOUR MEN NERVOUS!

KING OF SPACE

WELL, THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOTTA BE! ANYWAY, WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU ANYTHING, OR THEM!!

STIV! LISTEN TO ME FOR A CHANGE!

AND MATILDA TELLS HIM THE STORY OF CAPTAIN FUTURE...

36

UNAWARE OF THE MEN'S STRANGE INTEREST IN HIM, THE NEW CAPTAIN PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR **DELTA ZONE...**

NUCLEAR EQUIPMENT

DANGER

IF THIS CHARACTER REALLY CAN WIPE OUT THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD, THINK WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN FOR YOU!

YOU'D BE GIVEN AMNESTY... **AND THERE'D BE GOLD...LOTS OF GOLD!**

GOLD! NOW YOU'RE TALKING! BUT WHERE IS THIS GUY?

WE LOST TRACK OF HIM AFTER **SIMPROX!** I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET!

Philip K Dick

VULCAN HAMM

WHAT? ALL ANTAR'S TALKING ABOUT IT!

THEY'VE BEEN DEPORTED TO EDDING 8!

SO THAT'S WHERE HE IS NOW! WE HAVE TO GO LOOK FOR HIM!

MMM! THIS IS LIKE SOME KIND OF CRAZY DREAM!

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! A MESSAGE FROM MATSON!

SUDDENLY.

HES COMING WITH US AND WANTS YOU TO WAIT FOR HIM...

MATSON? NO DOUBT HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE THAT I NEVER RETURN FROM DELTA! THE PIG!

ADVENTURE AND SCIENCE FICTION WITH...

CAPTAIN FUTURE

OUR STORY SO FAR CAPTAIN FUTURE MAKES CAMP IN THE JUNGLE, WHILE WAITING FOR MATSON..

HEY, PRIVATE! YOU STILL HAVE SOME MORPHO?

SO, NEED A FIX?

CAPTAIN BUTCHER

MATSON!

THE LAST COMMANDER TO ENTER THE DELTA ZONE MANAGED TO GET A MESSAGE BACK TO US

AND IT WAS SUFFICIENTLY CRAZED TO NECESSITATE MY FOLLOWING YOU..

OK LET'S GO!!!

40

ASTONISHED AT NOT FINDING THE LEAST TRACE OF MARTIANS, THE PIRATES GO INTO ORBIT AROUND EDDING 8...

STILL NOTHIN', STIV!!

THE MARTIANS MUST HAVE FIGURED IT WAS ALL OVER HERE, AIMED THEIR ROCKETS AT THE SUN, AND GOT GOIN' THAT'LL MAKE OUR JOB A LITTLE EASIER.

SWITCH THE VOICE-SENSITIVE RADAR ONTO THE ORDINATOR AND SHOW ME THAT JUNGLE ON THE INFRA-RED!

GOT IT, STIV!

AND WHAT IF WE DON'T FIND HIM?

WELL, THAT'LL ONLY HAPPEN IF HE'S DEAD, BABE!

THE MOONLESS NIGHTS MAKE NOCTURNAL MARCHES ON EDDING 8 IMPOSSIBLE. SO THE COMMANDER MAKES CAMP THE NEXT MORNING.

SIR! SIR! THE RADIO'S DISAPPEARED!

WHAT?

SEARCH PARTIES ARE ORGANIZED.

NOTHING!

IN VAIN

WHY JUST THE RADIO?

IT DISAPPEARED WHILE YOU WERE ON SENTRY DUTY!!! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!!

WITHOUT A WORD, THE EARTHLINGS SET OFF AGAIN ON THEIR MARCH TO DELTA...

WHA!

HOLY SPACE! R..RR.. RUINS...!!

SERGE CLERC

43

LOOKS LIKE.. FYUTCHER, YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE GOING N TO EXPLORE IT FOR ME!!

BUT YOU TELL US ANYTH NG ABOUT RUINS! THEY MUST MEAN THAT THE PLANET EDDING 8 WAS ONCE INHABITED!!

AND I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO FIND OUT BY WHO!!

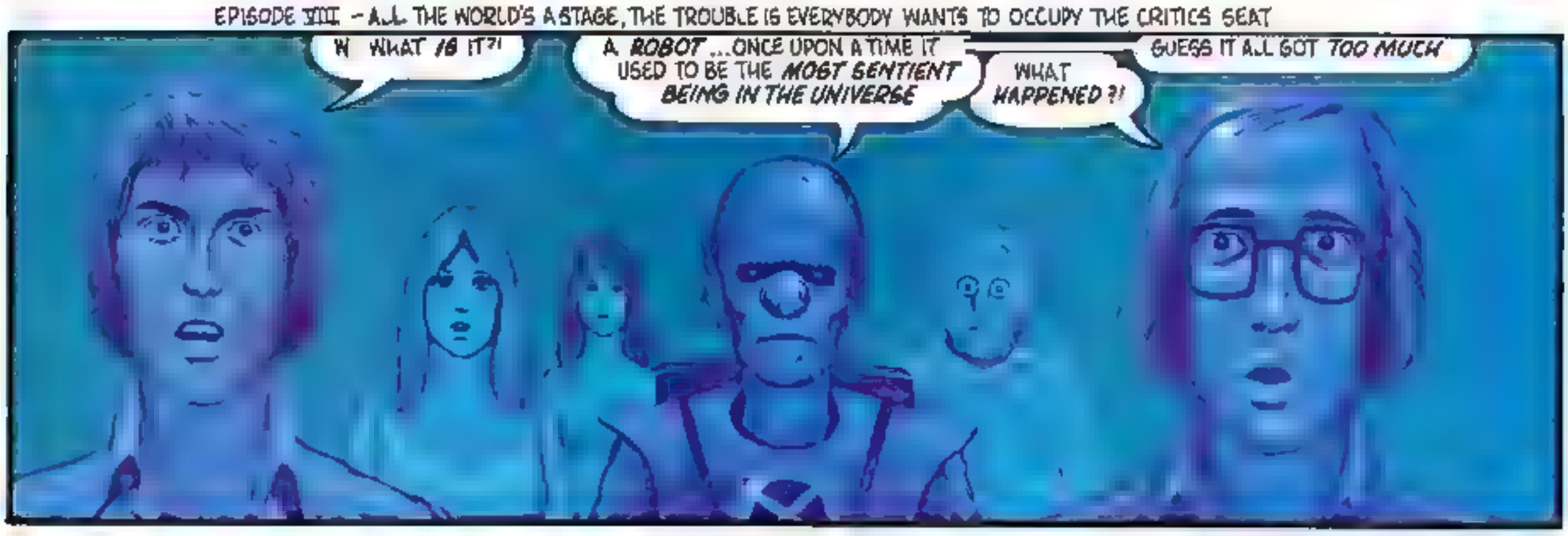
SUDDENLY

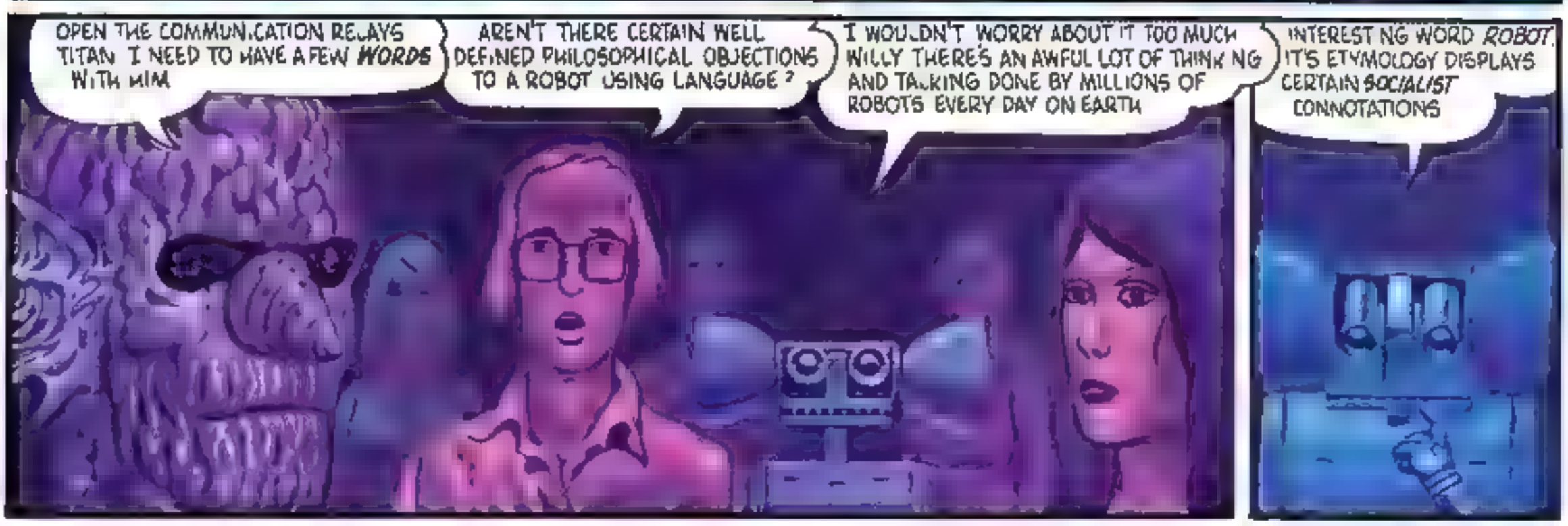
LOOK! UP THERE!!!

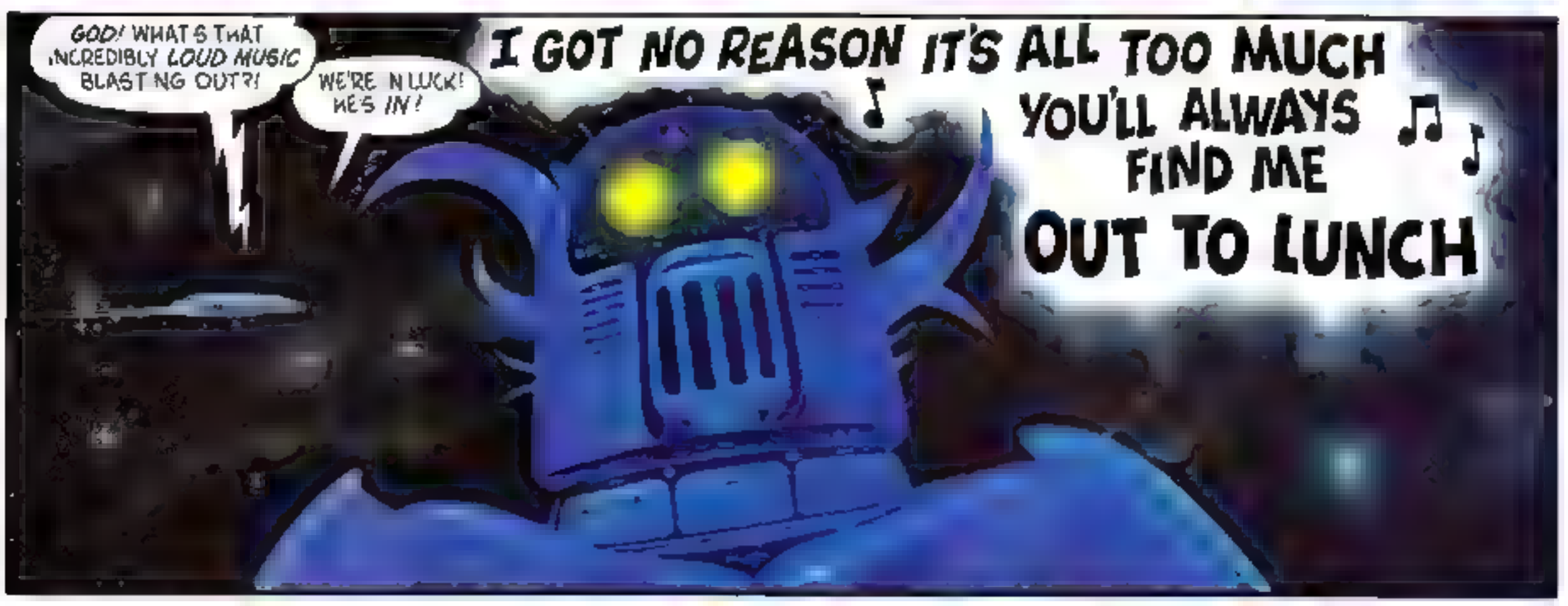
CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

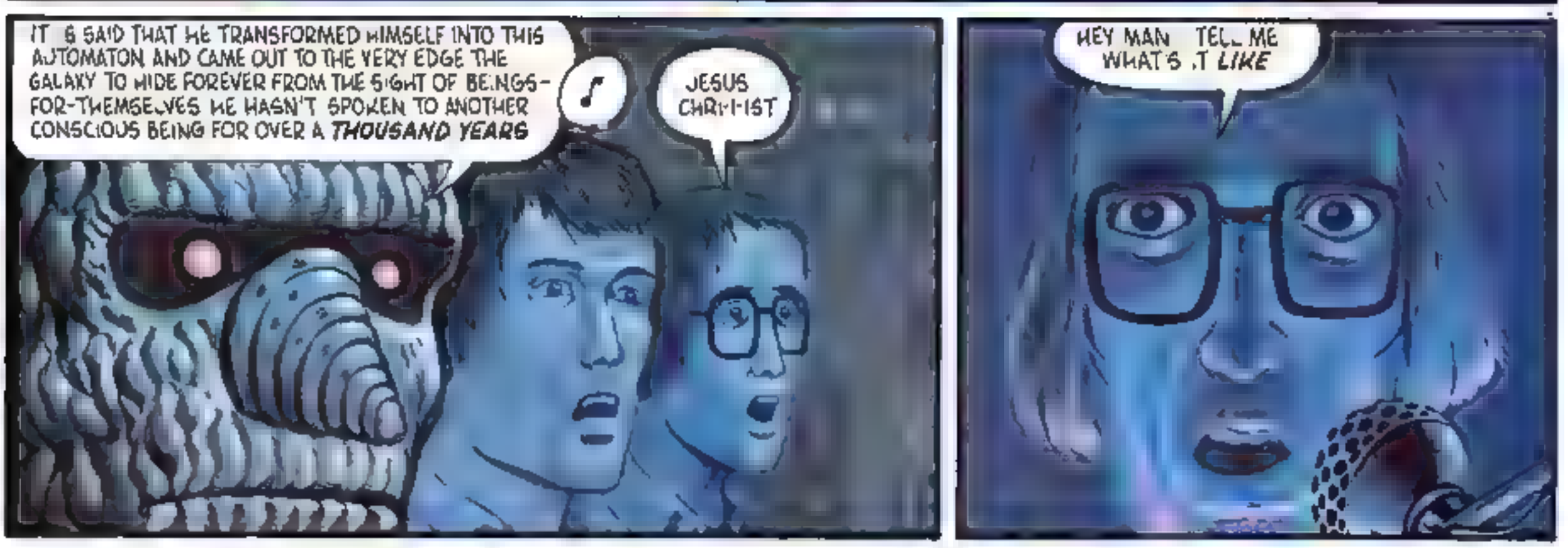
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE XIII - A.J.L. THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THE TROUBLE IS EVERYBODY WANTS TO OCCUPY THE CRITICS SEAT


W WHAT IS IT?!
A ROBOT ...ONCE UPON A TIME IT USED TO BE THE MOST SENTIENT BEING IN THE UNIVERSE
WHAT HAPPENED?!
GUESS IT A.J.L GOT TOO MUCH


OPEN THE COMMUNICATION RELAYS TITAN I NEED TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH HIM
AREN'T THERE CERTAIN WELL DEFINED PHILOSOPHICAL OBJECTIONS TO A ROBOT USING LANGUAGE?
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT TOO MUCH WILLY THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF THINKING AND TALKING DONE BY MILLIONS OF ROBOTS EVERY DAY ON EARTH
INTERESTING WORD ROBOT. IT'S ETYMOLOGY DISPLAYS CERTAIN SOCIALIST CONNOTATIONS


GOD! WHAT'S THAT INCREDIBLY LOUD MUSIC BLASTING OUT?!
WE'RE IN LUCK! HE'S IN!
I GOT NO REASON IT'S ALL TOO MUCH
YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND ME
OUT TO LUNCH


IT IS SAID THAT HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THIS AUTOMATON AND CAME OUT TO THE VERY EDGE THE GALAXY TO HIDE FOREVER FROM THE SIGHT OF BEINGS-FOR-THEMSELVES HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ANOTHER CONSCIOUS BEING FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS
JESUS CHRI-I-IST
HEY MAN TELL ME WHAT'S IT LIKE

©COPYRIGHT 1979 BY ANGUS MAKIE

.. IT'S *THAT* BAD HUH.

YES.. BUT I CAN'T COMPLAIN... I CONCEDE, THERE IS NO PLEASURE BUT... THERE IS NO PAIN I AM FREE FROM DESIRE. IN MY UNIVERSE THERE IS NO WOMAN CONSEQUENTLY NO MAN IS MY ENEMY

ONCE I USED TO DEBATE PASSIONATELY WITH MY PEERS THE GREAT INTELLECTUAL PROBLEMS OF OUR AGE... NOW I REALIZE THAT SEMI-CONDUCTORS AND CIRCUITRY IS ALL THERE IS... MY PREOCCUPATION IS WITH BEING ABLE TO KNOW WITHOUT FEELING

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY I AM GETTING NUMB-ER AND NUMB-ER

I PERCEIVE YOU ARE SELF-CONSCIOUS ENTITIES HOW CAN YOU STAND IT! YOU ARE OUT THERE IN THE FEARFUL REALM OF EXISTENCE! WHY DO YOU NOT SCREAM. BECOME NAUSEOUS ARE YOU NOT AWARE OF THE WISE OLD SAYING

..IN ORDER TO ACT WISELY IT IS NOT **ENOUGH** TO **BE** WISE

DOES THIS THOUGHT NOT FILL YOU WITH **TERROR** YOU ARE AT THE **MERCY** OF THE ELEMENTS YOU POSSESS **ONLY** WHAT WILL NOT BE LOST IN A **SHIPWRECK** . AND THE **REEFS** ARE ALL AROUND YOU AND

YOUR PARENTS HAVE NOT TAUGHT YOU HOW TO SWIM

WHAT'S HE *ON* ABOUT MY PARENTS TAUGHT *ME*

WOW! THAT GUY SOUNDS LIKE A *BORN PESSIMIST*

LISTEN YOU *WHINER* OPTIMISM *AND* SELF PITY ARE POLES OF **COWARDICE**

GREETINGS FELLOW COWARD

SISYPHUS HERE YOU REMEMBER ME? A THOUSAND YEARS AGO I LEFT SOMETHING HERE .. SORRY I'M LATE BUT I GOT DELAYED SOMEWHAT

BY ABOUT SEVEN CENTURIES

WELL YOU **KNOW** HOW THINGS ARE

INDEED INDEED PLEASE ENTER MY DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN TO THE WORLDS WEARY TRAVELLER

THERE'S SOME FUNNY THINGS GOING ON INSIDE THIS GUY'S HEAD

I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M BEING NOSEY SISYPHUS, BUT WHAT'S THIS THING YOU'VE COME FOR?

I THINK YOU *ARE* BEING NOSEY, WILLY BUT I AM NOT OFFENDED. I HAVE COME FOR MY *WOMB*. MY CYBERNETIC WOMB

MY FATHER BUILT IT FOR ME, AS DO ALL THE FATHERS OF MY RACE, IN PREPARATION FOR THE DAY WHEN THEIR SON COMES OF AGE... ON *THAT* DAY THE SON FINALLY REALISES THAT HE IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE, ULTIMATELY AND IRREDEEMABLY *ALONE*.. AND BECOMES.. *AN ALIEN*

TODAY I AM TWENTYONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

HEY HAPPY BIRTHDAY SISYPHUS. TWENTY ONE THOUSAND CANDLES, WOW!

TODAY IS THE BEGINNING OF MY LONG EXILE

ISN'T SOLITUDE RATHER IMPRACTICAL

SOLITUDE, WILLY, *IS* IMPRACTICAL BUT SOCIETY IS FATAL

MEN WOULD NOT LIVE IN SOCIETY LONG IF THEY WERE NOT EACH OTHERS DUPES

HERE'S A TIP WILLY, ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT KIERKEGAARD ONCE SAID.. LIFE MUST BE LIVED FORWARDS AND UNDERSTOOD BACKWARDS

OH GEE. ER THANKS

LOOK!

A VAST CONTROL ROOM

THE BRAIN .INFORMATION POUR NG IN FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE

AND NOBODY HERE TO MAKE SENSE OF IT

A MEAL HALF EATEN ! A WARM CHA.R AN OPEN BOOK .. AN UNFINISHED LETTER ..!?

EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS IT WAS WHEN HE *DEMATERIALIZED* AND BECAME THE *GHOST IN THE MACHINE* HE KEEPS IT THIS WAY AS A PERPETUAL REMINDER OF HIS PHYSICAL NON-PRESENCE

THIS IS A SOUVENIR OF H.S LEGENDARY V SIT TO EARTH

MOST SENTIENT BEING ON EARTH (ON THE LEFT)

YOU ARE FROM EARTH ? IF YOU EVER COME BACK THIS WAY AGAIN PLEASE BRING ME A COPY OF HUGO'S THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTREDAME.IT IS MY FAVORITE BOOK IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE

THE ONE REMA NS THE MANY CHANGE AND PASS, HEAVEN'S LIGHT FOREVER SHINES EARTH'S SHADOWS FLY; LIFE ..KE A DOME OF MANY COLOURED GLASS STAINS THE WHITE RADIANCE OF ETERN TY

OH OH HE'S FADING AWAY HE CANT MAINTAIN COHERENCE FOR VE RY LONG HE ALWAYS RECITES SHELLEY OR SHAKESPEARE JUST BEFORE HE LOSES IT ALL

BUT THAT I AM FORBID TO TELL THE SECRETS OF MY PRISON HOUSE

I COULD A TALE UNFOLD

WHOSE LIGHTEST WORD WOULD HARROW UP THY SOUL

FREEZE THY YOUNG BLOOD, MAKE THY TWO EYES LIKE STARS START FROM THEIR SPHERES

GONE POOR FUCKER

POOR FUCKER?! HUH WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS *JESUS CHRIST*? IT ALL SEEMS A BIT OVERPLAYED TO ME

WHAD'Y *MEAN* !?

YEAH WELL IT *WOULD* TO *YOU*, WOULDN'T IT?

I'VE SUFFERED *TOO* Y KNOW

DON'T GIVE ME THAT CRAP WHAT DO YOU *REALLY* KNOW ABOUT IT LOOK AT YOUR SELF TALL DARK HANDSOME EVERY ADVERTISING S GN ON EARTH SCREAMS AT JS THAT WE GOT TO LOOK LIKE YOU YOU'VE EVEN GOT THE SAME FUCKING *NAME* AS THE BION.C MAN

OOO STEVE YOUR *SO* MASCULINE *STEVE! HAHAHA!* WHAT A DUMB SHIT OF A NAME WILLY IS *BAD* BUT STEVE IS *WORSE*

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT BEING A REAL LOSER .6 LIKE SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE YOU'RE OK YOU'RE DESIRABLE YOU'RE THE PARADIGM OF THE SUPERHERO.YOU BASTARD *EVERYBODY* WANTS TO BE LIKE YOU

YES WILLY EVEN YOU

YES FUCK IT EVEN ME!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE WORD ALIENATION MEANS BECAUSE YOU'VE HAD THE BASIC EX STENTIALIST CORE OF YOUR BE NG VER FIED BY AFFA RS WITH A MIL ON BEA'UT F L WOMEN

OH I WOULDN'T SAY THAT WILLY NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE LIKE

Y SEE, YOU'RE SO GODDAM FUCKING SECURE THAT YOU'RE IMMUNE TO CRITICISM YOU CAN AFFORD TO JOKE ABOUT IT ALL

WELL *YOU'RE* ALWAYS JOKING ABOUT IT

NOW YOU'RE JUST SHOWING YOUR IGNORANCE STEVE STEREOTYPE I *NEVER* JOKE

IT JUST SOUNDS FUNNY TO YOU COS YOU THINK *LIFE* IS ONE B.G *JOKE*

PLEASE GENTLEMEN I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU **BOTH** LIFE SEEMS LIKE A JOKE TO ME BUT A JOKE IN SOMEWHAT *QUESTIONABLE* TASTE

SOUR GRAPES YOU'VE JUST GOT THAT FEELING 'COS *YOU'RE* THE ONE THE JOKE IS ON

NOW THERES A WINNER TALKING

LIFE TO ME IS LIKE A CHILDISH PRANK SOMEWHAT BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF A GOD IMAGINE BEING GIVEN A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT A BOOK OR A TOY BUT THE BOOK IS A DETECTIVE STORY WITH THE LAST PAGE TORN OUT THE TOY IS A JIG-SAW PUZZLE WITH ONE PIECE MISCHIEVOUSLY MISSING

ONE FEELS RATHER FOOLISH AND SILLY YOU HAVE THIS IMAGE OF YOURSELF AS A MATURE INDIVID- BUT ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS GET YOUR OWN BACK ON THIS INFANTILE -MINDED CREATURE

IN SHORT I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN *POSSIBLY* CONCEIVE OF GOD AS A LEVEL HEADED, FREETHINKING, RESPONSIBLE ADULT

AND *SO* EVEN THOUGH I'VE TRIED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS NOT TO LOWER *MYSELF* TO *HIS* LEVEL

IF I *EVER* MEET THE SPITEFUL LITTLE BASTARD

I'LL *RAM* HIS TEDDY BEAR DOWN HIS FUCKING *THROAT!*

AHEM! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST EXCUSE ME I'LL CLIMB BACK INTO MY WOMB AND BE GONE

AU REVOIR I'M GOING TO SEARCH THE UNIVERSE TO SEE IF I CAN FIND MY SENSE OF HUMOUR RRRRRRRRRR

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME IN TEN THOUSAND YEARS I'VE SEEN SISYPHUS SHOUT

IT HAPPENS TO US ALL SOONER OR LATER TITAN

WELL, WHERE TO NEXT?

WHO CARES, IT'S THE *GOING* THAT COUNTS

OKAY WE'LL GO TO SIRIUS THEN I'VE ALWAYS FANCIED ANYWHERE, BUT SIRIUS

SORRY I BLEW UP BEFORE STEVE I GUESS IT'S NOT *YOUR* FAULT YOU'RE TALL DARK AND HANDSOME

WE MUST **ALL** SHARE THE BLAME FOR THAT

O GOD, I COULD BE BOUNDED IN A NUTSHELL,
AND COUNT MYSELF A KING OF INFINITE SPACE
WERE IT NOT THAT I HAVE BAD DREAMS

TURN THE MUSIC UP
LOUD

I CAN'T GET

WILLY

STEVE

O SATISFACTION

TO BE OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS THE QUESTION
WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER
THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE,
OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES
AND BY OPPOSING END THEM? TO DIE: TO SLEEP;
NO MORE; AND, BY A SLEEP TO SAY WE END
THE HEARTACHE AND THE THOUSAND NATURAL SHOCKS
THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO 'TIS A CONSUMMATION
DEVOUTLY TO BE WISH'D.

THE BEGINNING,
THE MIDDLE
AND THE END

CAPTAIN FUTURE

JUST AS CAPTAIN FUTURE IS ABOUT TO SET OFF FOR AN EXPLORATION OF THE MYSTERIOUS RUINS IN DELTA ZONE, THE PIRATES LAND...

STORY
PHIL MANCELINE

ART
SERGE CLERC

MATSON WISELY GIVES THE ORDER TO THE CAPTAIN TO DIG IN...

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? THAT'S NOT A MARTIAN SHIP!

NO IT'S WORSE THAN THAT! IT'S STIN BUDDER, THE BUTCHER OF THE GALAXY! SO WATCH YOURSELF!

FIRE!
ZAP ZAP
SHIT! THEY'VE OPENED F.RE! HIT THE DIRT, EVERY-BODY!
ZIP ZIP
THE WHINE OF TRACERS RINGS OUT THROUGH THE JUNGLE...
ZIP! ZIP!
OSGOOD! YOU'VE GOT TO GET THEM FROM BE-HIND! YOU GO WITH HIM, MATILDA, IN CASE THIS INCREDIBLE CAPTA.N FUTURE GUY IS WITH THEM! WE WANT HIM ALIVE! UNDER-STAND? ALIVE?
OK, STN!!
ZIP! ZIP!

WHILE OSGOOD, ARMED WITH A LASER-LUGER, AND MATILDA SET OFF INTO THE JUNGLE, BUDDER GIVES HIS ORDERS.

TELL THE MEN TO BE READY FOR TAKE OFF WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN AN HOUR!!

BUT LITTLE DO THE PIRATES SUSPECT THAT A STRANGE PAIR OF EYES IS WATCHING THEM FROM THE FOLLIAGE.

THE FRINGS DIED DOWN! THAT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!

FROM HIGH UP N THE RUINS..

THAT'S HIM!!

WHAT?

WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY UP TO?

I DON'T LIKE THIS!! LET'S GET OUT OF. OH, MY GOD!

BLAM BLAM

AT THAT VERY MOMENT..

A MONSTER!

KAF! KAF! YOU'RE THE ONE THEY WANT, FUTURE!

YOU THINK THAT THEY SPARED MY LIFE ON PURPOSE?

EXACTLY!!

CLOSER.. KOF! KOF! FUTURE! THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD WERE RIGHT.. MY MISSION WAS TO KEEP YOU UNDER SURVEILLANCE..

AND TO GET RID OF YOU PERSONALLY.

CUT THE BULL-SHIT! IT'S A WASTE OF TIME, WITH THE MARTIANS AROUND THE CORNER!

I WANT TO KNOW!

KOF. KOF THE MARTIANS.. ARE FAKE THE WAR.. JUST A WAY TO WIPE OUT THE OPPOSITION.. A HOAX, ARRANGED BY THE GALACTIC OVERLORDS. BY THE MASTERS...

WE'RE ALONE. WE'RE ALL ALONE IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MILLIONS OF INNOCENT VICTIMS? IT'S. DISGUSTING! WHERE ARE THE **MASTERS OF THE WORLD?**

WHERE ARE THEY HIDING? **BY ALL OF SPACE,** TELL ME MATSON!!

LET HIM ALONE, FUTURE! HE CAN'T SAY ANYTHING MORE!

BARK

OOM!

ATOMIC GRENADES! THEY'RE NUTS! WHAT'S GOING ONZ

SOME OF THE PIRATES MAKE IT BACK TO THEIR SHIP, WHERE THEY WATCH THE MONSTER DEVOURING THEIR MATES...

THE INFRA-CANNON! FAST!

THE MONSTER APPROACHES THE SHIP, OVER-COME WITH CURIOSITY...

Cyborg

FIRE!

ALRIGHT, LET'S GO, FUTURE!

BUT... WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS... BACK AT THE CAMP... WE CAN'T JUST... LEAVE THEM THERE! WE HAVE TO TELL THEM TO REPAIR THE ROCKETS, AND...

BONK!

WHEN FUTURE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF LAID OUT ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP. EDDING 8, ITS JUNGLE, ITS MONSTERS, ITS MYSTERIES ARE NO MORE THAN A GREEN BALL, NO BRIGHTER THAN ANY OTHER STAR...

OOOH! MY HEAD!

LUCKILY, MATILDA PROVES TO BE A DEVOTED NURSE...

POOR DEAR FUTURE! OSGOOD WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR!!

OOOOH! CAPTAIN FUTURE!

SUDDENLY...

ENJOY IT, KIDDIES!... IT'LL BE YOUR LAST...

WATCH OUT FOR MONSTERS

THEY SUCK BY NIGHT

ZAAAP!

ARGH!

SO YOU HAD A FISSION GUN UNDER THE BED, HUH?

MOMENTS LATER, WITH THE SUPPORT OF OSGOOD AND MATILDA, THE PIRATES BAND TOGETHER BEHIND CAPTAIN FUTURE... AND SOON...

NOW THEN... HEAD FOR EARTH!

FOR EARTH?!! BUT...

YEAH! MASTERS OF THE WORLD, HERE WE COME!

fin

52